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MENTOR

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The Instrument of the Immortals



THE DEATH OF MOZART

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Foremost among the great composers of all time must live the name of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Today, more than a century after his untimely death, the programs of the greatest interpreters of music attest the immortality of his work.

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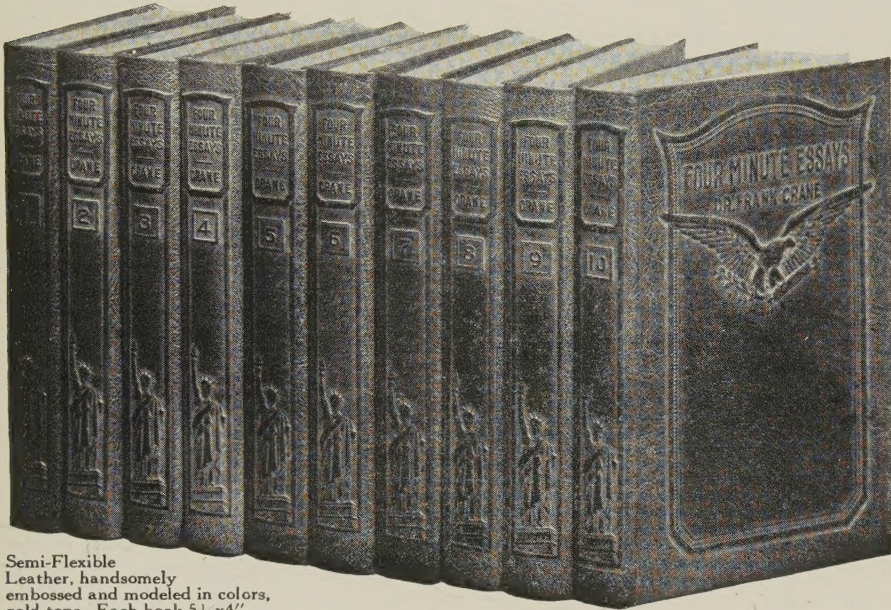
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Name.....

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*Mr. and Mrs. Walter Atkins
request the pleasure of
your company at dinner
On Wednesday, March the twenty-eighth
at eight o'clock*

47 Tompkins Place

Would You Hesitate to Accept This Invitation?

THERE are many people who would, of course. A formal function of this kind requires absolute knowledge of the correct thing to wear, to say, to do. There is always the danger of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, or saying the wrong thing at the wrong time—if one is not entirely *sure* of one's self.

When an invitation of this kind is received, it requires an acknowledgment. When should the acknowledgment be sent—at once, or after a few days? How should it be worded? To whom should it be addressed—to Mr. and Mrs. Atkins or just to Mrs. Atkins?

Let us pretend, for a moment, that this is an actual invitation and that you have accepted it. What would you wear to the dinner, formal or informal dress? How would you greet your hostess upon arrival? When you are introduced to other guests, what form of acknowledgment would you use? Would you say "Pleased to meet you"? Would you say "How do you do?" Would you say "I am delighted"? Are any of these forms correct?

If you are a man and were introduced to a woman, would you offer your hand in acknowledgment? Should one woman offer her hand to another? In making an introduction, whose name should be mentioned first, the man's or the woman's?

There are so many little problems of conduct that present themselves—so many little unexpected situations that the well-bred person must know how to meet. The person who is not accustomed to good society, who does not know the rules of good conduct, is always exposed to embarrassment. He, or she, is never thoroughly at ease, never confident and well-poised.

Mistakes That Are Made in the Dining Room

At a formal dinner, do you know who enters the dining room first? And at the table, do you know who sits at the right of the hostess, who sits at the right of the host?

Table etiquette betrays breeding as surely as a table of contents tells what a book contains. The cultured, well-bred person conducts himself or herself with a calm, dignified manner that everyone recognizes—and admires. The person who is not used to good society, on the other hand, instantly betrays the fact by making impulsive little blunders, by being constrained, uncomfortable and embarrassed in manner.

It is not enough to know that olives are taken with fingers and that lettuce may not be cut with a knife. To have graceful, cultivated table manners, one must know how to use the knife and fork correctly, how to eat every food properly, when to use the

spoon, when the fork, when the fingers. One must know how to use the finger-bowl and the napkin; one must know what to say in case of an overturned glass of water or any other table accident; one must know when to rise from the table.

Some People Seem Tongue-Tied

Not only at formal dinners and formal dances, but even at informal functions some people feel constrained and tongue-tied. With their own friends they may be delightful conversationalists; but as soon as there are strangers present they feel suddenly unable to speak, unable to express their thoughts.

Have you ever felt tongue-tied at a party or dance? Have you ever found yourself alone with some man or woman to whom you had been introduced and found that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about? Have you ever been to a dinner where conversation lagged and everyone seemed strained, uncomfortable, even a bit stupid?

Didn't you long to say something brilliant, to start conversation flowing smoothly, to make yourself admired as a clever conversationalist—envied as an ideal guest?

The art of correct social conversation is extremely important. It teaches you how to make yourself agreeable among strangers, how to say just the right thing at the right time, how to talk about the things that interest people most, how to overcome self-consciousness, timidity, embarrassment.

Perhaps there is a wedding just around the corner, or a party not so far away. Perhaps there is a dance you expect to attend, or a trip you are planning to make. Why not surprise your friends with your wonderful knowledge of the right thing to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions? Why not make yourself immune to embarrassment—free yourself from the danger of making blunders—give yourself new poise and personal magnetism by learning now the

accepted rules of conduct through the pages of the famous Book of Etiquette.

The Book of Etiquette, published in two handsome volumes, is recognized as one of the most complete, exhaustive and authoritative works on this subject available today. It is up to the last minute, complete in every detail. It is written with a keen regard for interest, and some of the chapters are as interesting as fiction.



One's manner at the table is either constrained and embarrassed, or poised and well-possessed—depending upon whether one knows or does not know the important etiquette of the table.



Too often people feel tongue-tied in the company of strangers. They seem dull and awkward, though really they may be clever conversationalists. Do you know how to make yourself at all times agreeable, engaging, well-liked?

5 Days' Free Examination

In the Book of Etiquette you will find everything you want to know about the etiquette of the dance, the dinner, the tea, the lawn party, the wedding, the trip abroad, the theatre, restaurant, opera. There are chapters on the etiquette of dress, of speech, of correspondence, of calls and calling customs. Everything you want to know is explained thoroughly, interestingly.

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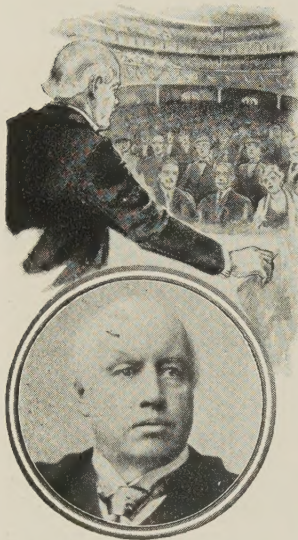
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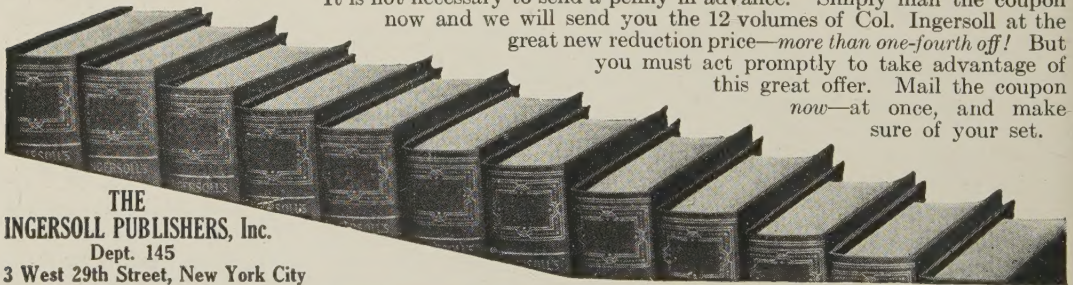
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—the wood-pecker drumming out "courtship music" on a dead limb.

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—butterflies settle on the ground with their backs to the sun.

—why some willow trees are "masculine" and "feminine"—and how they "marry."

WHERE is the man or woman who feels no thrill of sudden joy at the sight of the first robin in Spring? Do you know how wonderfully his little "love nest" is built—of coarse grasses, with an inner wall of mud? Isn't it astonishing to know that "Robin Goodfellow" often provides over sixty earthworms a day for each one of those little yellow mouths for which he is responsible? Isn't it interesting to know that by the end of June Mr. and Mrs. Robin may be raising their second or even their third family? How little we really know about our helpful feathered neighbors—and how absorbing the details of their private lives are!

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Probably you have often promised yourself a more intimate knowledge of all the fascinating marvels that Nature spreads before you. Are you going to get it *this* year? Get the keen pleasure from Nature that only knowledge can give. Learn to know the name, life and habits of the bird that perches on the fence-rail—of the butterfly that starts up from the grass at your feet—of all the flowers that paint the meadow—and of the trees that rustle in the summer breeze.

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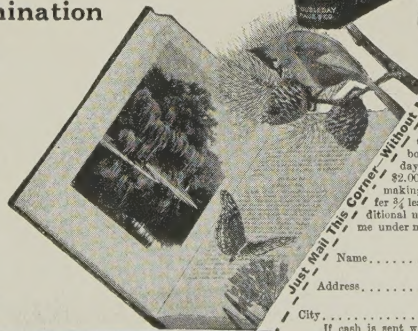
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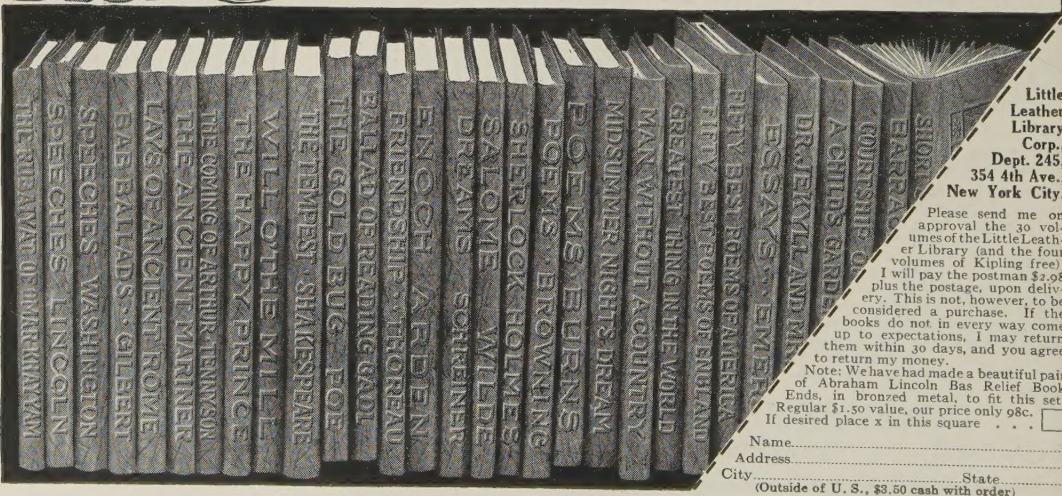
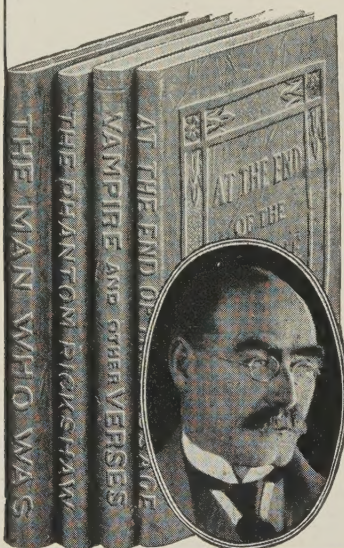
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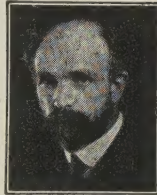
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ANSWERS

1.
Between you and me
I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just AS I said
The river has overflowed
its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one

2.
EVE-ning
as-CER-TAIN
HOS-pi-ta-ble
ab-DO-men
MAY-or-al-ty
a-ME-na-ble
ac-CLI-mate
pro-FOUND
ben-e-FISH-a-ry
CU-li-na-ry

3.
supersede repetition
receive separate
reprieve accommodate
donkeys trafficking
factories accessible

Here is the Test

Check the form you believe correct. Then compare with the correct answers below.

1. Would You Write—

Between you and I	or Between you and ME
I DID it already	or I HAVE DONE it already
WHO shall I call	or WHOM shall I call
It's just AS I said	or It's just LIKE I said
The river has OVERFLOWED its banks	or The river has OVERFLOWN its banks
I WOULD like to go	or I SHOULD like to go
I LAID down to rest	or I LAY down to rest
Divide it AMONG the three	or Divide it BETWEEN the three
The wind blows COLD	or The wind blows COLDLY
You will FIND ONLY one	or You will ONLY FIND one

2. How Do You Say—

evening	EV-en-ing	or	EVE-ning
ascertain	as-CER-TAIN	or	as-CER-tain
hospitable	HOS-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-PIT-able
abdomen	AB-do-men	or	ab-DO-men
mayoralty	MAY-or-al-ty	or	may-OR-al-ty
amenable	a-ME-na-ble	or	a-MEN-able
acclimate	AC-cl-i-mate	or	ac-CLI-mate
profound	PRO-found	or	pro-FOUND
beneficiary	ben-e-fi-shEE-ary	or	ben-e-FISH-a-ry
culinary	CUL-i-na-ry	or	CU-li-na-ry

3. Do You Spell It—

superCede	or superSede	repEtition	or repItition
recElve	or recIEve	sepArate	or sepErate
reprElve	or reprIEve	aCoModate	or aCCoMModate
donKEYS	or donKIES	traffICing	or traffICKing
factorIES	or factorYS	ACSeSible	or ACCESSible

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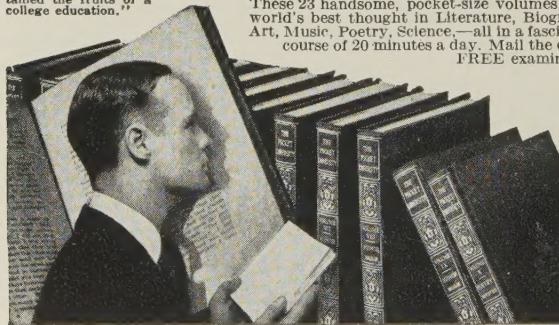
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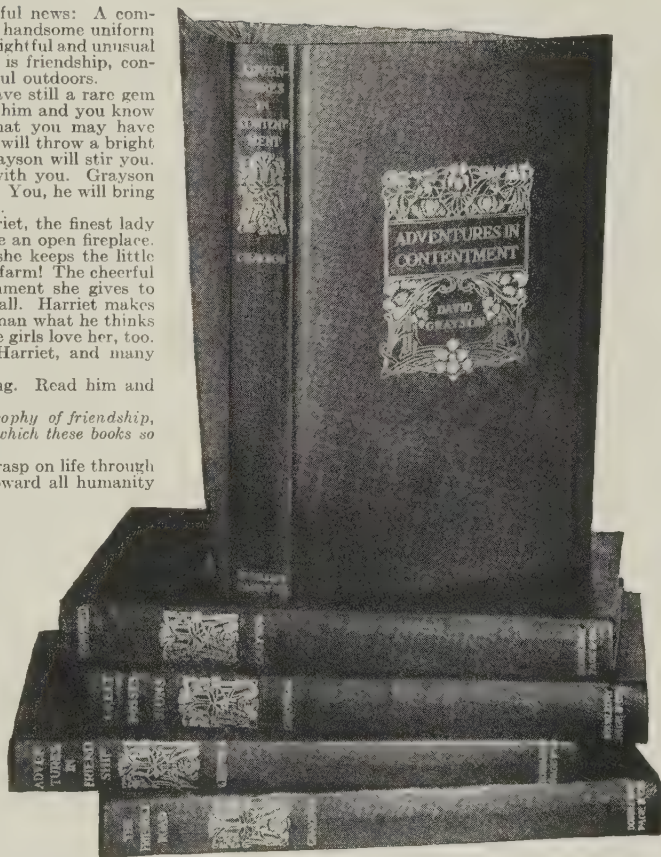
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THE man wasn't well. Not sick exactly, but tired, worn—daily edging closer to complete physical collapse. When I was introduced to him by George Ferber in the lobby of a New York hotel, he presented a disturbing spectacle.

"Yes, I'm tired," he admitted, in answer to Ferber's sympathetic inquiry. "I don't know what the trouble is. If I could just stop thinking! Good heavens! *If I could just stop thinking!*"

"I can't relax. My mind races like an express train day and night. Worry, I suppose you'd call it—but I can't help it. I've no resistance, mental or otherwise. I seem to be drained out, if you know what I mean—no 'come back,' no vitality. It's a case of 'you can't hope to hang on unless you're able to let go.' I seem to be licked coming and going.

"And it all gets back to the same trouble; I can't rest; I don't know how to relax. Sleep? For weeks I haven't known what the word really means. Mentally, I feel like a man who is always just one jump ahead of a hurricane. It's awful. It—it frightens me at times. I don't know what to make of it."

"Why not let Walter Camp take you in hand?" Ferber suggested. "Try the 'Daily Dozen.' Put you on your feet in no time. Why, during the war—"

The sick man interrupted with a weary gesture.

"I know, I know. Camp's all right. Done a lot of good. I've heard about that. But—I *hate* exercise. It's no good. I've tried it. Got a gymnasium instructor once to put me through his routine. Wore me out. Nearly killed me. Camp's ideas are all right, but I can't go that business. Too strenuous. You see how it is."

This last was a direct appeal to me.

"Of course gymnasium is strenuous," I admitted. "*That* kind of exercise always is. No wonder you hate it. So does everyone else. That's not exercise. That's *work*—hard, gruelling, exhausting work. Exercise that builds from the ground up—that puts the 'kick' into you, and makes you glad you're alive—is gentle, stimulating, thoroughly enjoyable."

He shrugged impatiently.

"But I have nothing to build on. Look at me; feel those arms; see these shoulders, this chest. What chance have I with a foundation like that?"

"More chance than you think," I told him. "You can stand on your feet, can't you? You can raise your arms, move your legs, bend at the waist? And you have essentially the same framework given to every man. Strengthen it by simple, easy methods, and you have all that any construction engineer wants."

"Well, it sounds all right," he admitted. "But, really, Mr. Wheelan, I haven't the time to give to that sort of thing. You see how things are. My business—"

"That's just the point," I explained. "You are thinking of exercise in terms of half hours or hours. Few men can give so much time to any kind of exercise. That's the beauty of a system that capitalizes the minutes—just a few minutes a day, if you can spare no more.

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He did try it, reluctantly, as a skeptic would. Not long ago I had the pleasure of meeting him again.

"Mr. Wheelan," he said, "I don't know just where I was headed for when you urged me to try Walter Camp's 'Daily Dozen.' I try not to think about that. But look at me now—just look at me. I feel bully. I sleep. I eat. I have learned how to stop thinking when I *want* to stop thinking. I've never seen anything like it. It's the closest thing to a miracle that I've ever had happen to me."

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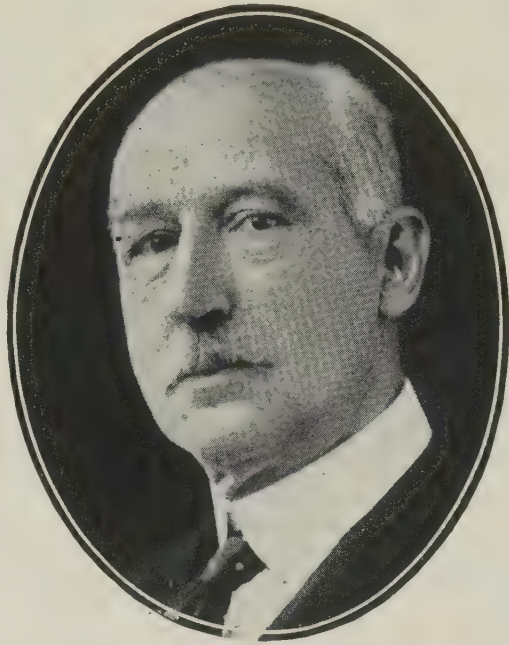
The zest of living, therefore, lies, first of all, in *action*. To twist and turn, to stretch the muscles of trunk and body, vitalizes like an elixir. With the blood enriched, the vital organs stimulated, the brain does twice the work with half the effort. And the neglected physical man really begins to *live*.

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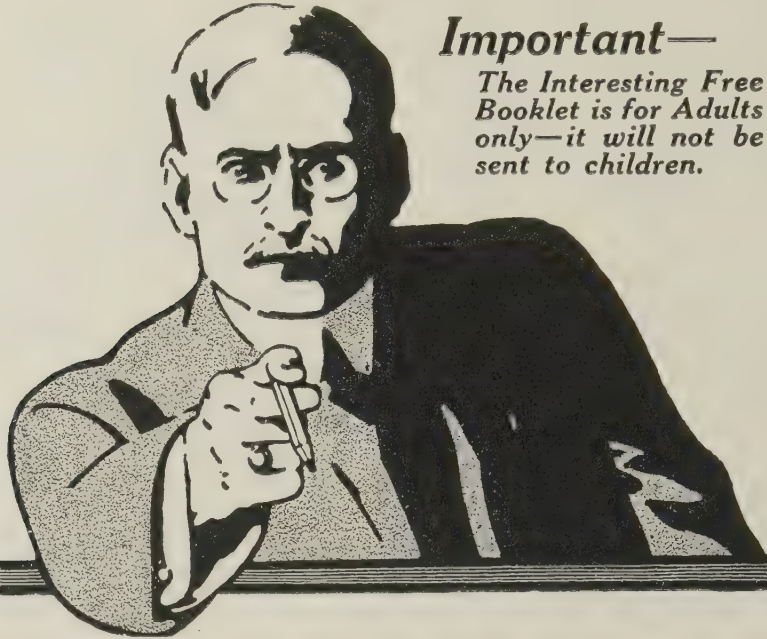
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WHERE FOLK COSTUME SURVIVES TO-DAY

PICTURESQUE DRESS THAT FOR CENTURIES HAS
BEEN A FEATURE OF NATIONAL LIFE IN EUROPE



"THE DAIRYMAID"

The bodice, broad-brimmed hat, and knotted kerchief are commonly worn by the peasant girls of the Tyrolean mountains. Franz Defregger, the artist who painted this charming study, was a native of the Tyrol, and delighted to portray his countrywomen in everyday attire

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MOST of the civilized nations have succumbed to conventional style in dress: the women of both hemispheres following modes set by makers of fashion in Paris and other European capitals, while men of all races are adopting the regulation sack-suit, cut-away, and swallow-tail. Colorful costumes, however, may still be found in Europe. The Mentor here pictures and describes some of the most curious and beautiful examples of national dress



From a copyrighted painting by George Wharton Edwards

A DAUGHTER OF OLD HOLLAND

Wearing a bewitching costume bequeathed by a long line of Dutch grandmothers; it is still to be seen in rural provinces

The MENTOR

Vol. 11
No. 4



SERIAL
NO. 243

MAY, 1923



HERE FOLK COSTUME SURVIVES TO-DAY ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

BY OLIVER SEMPLE BARTON

The dress of nations is the outcome of widely varying influences—climate, history, occupations. Even patriotic crises, wars, and religious movements have left their impress. To-day, alack! garments reflecting tradition and embracing native crafts are passing. Except in primitive lands and remote provinces, the styles worn by men and women of all classes are dictated, for the most part, by fashion and convention, whereas in more pictorial times decorative dress was a matter of racial pride and glory. Gaiety of line and color have yielded little by little to the demands of modern life. Nevertheless, a wanderer in Continental Europe to-day, seeking communities where national dress still prevails, would find his pilgrimage not in vain.

Nowhere was greater variety of costume evolved than in old-time Sweden, for its character differed not only in the provinces but in parishes and villages. In scattered districts one may even now discover dress that reflects the original type. The garments worn by men are more influenced by changing conditions than those worn by women, but one observes the same technical skill and charm of color in the making of costume that exists throughout other Swedish crafts. In olden days the elders of a parish kept a watchful eye on all that pertained to native costume, and issued edicts governing its design. Fines were levied for wearing broader heels than custom called for, and in other ways traditions affecting sartorial details were safeguarded.

The province of Dalecarlia presents the best opportunity to study costume peculiar to Sweden. The women do luxurious embroidery on linen,



ON A RUSSIAN BYWAY

A rural belle is overtaken by the artist Rudolph Bem on her way to a country fair



© U. & V.

A BRITTANY DOORYARD

Mothers, wives, and children of Breton seafarers, like the men of the family, cling to the traditional costume of their district. Scarlet, purple, and blue are favored colors

and when girls are to be married they always present to their future husbands a "bridegroom's shirt." Mothers start their daughters upon the important task of making this garment when they are still very young, so that there shall be plenty of time to create a gorgeous article of apparel. If one were to "tread on the tail" of one of these Swedish marriage shirts, it would be at the risk of spoiling a real work of art. "Button, button, who's got the button?" is a puzzle never hard to solve, for wherever one goes there are buttons, big and little, all of silver or silver gilt. These originated in medieval times, when buttons in the shape of bells adorned bodices and

jackets. "The quicker the bride runs, the greater the honor in which she shall be held" is an old Scandinavian proverb. Now it is no little thing to run when dressed for a Swedish wedding. The bridal crown of silver may weigh two pounds, not to mention other silver ornaments. The central figure of the wedding party clanks like a veritable knight in armor. She is a flashing picture of color, rich embroidery, and shining silver. Carl Larsson, whose home in Sunborn, Dalecarlia, was patterned after ancient manor houses of Sweden, left many paintings and drawings giving a true impression of his people and their dress. Anders Zorn, whose reputation as a painter and etcher was worldwide, also commemorated on canvas the vivid beauty of the costumes worn by his countrymen.

In Norway, land of fjords, mountains, hills and dales, the old costumes are seldom seen except on holidays and at weddings, and then only

among the farmer folk. However, up in the mountains, in the region of Saetersdalen, travelers, to their delight, find everything much as it was three hundred years ago. Perhaps it is because tourists so rarely go into this northern district that the picturesque quality of life there still remains unspoiled. The people of Saetersdalen are light-hearted and simple of habit. They revel in dresses set off with embroidery and silver. Peasant craftsmen have worked out old Norse designs, recalling Viking days. A Saetersdalen woman cares so much for her dress that, though she wears it to work, she removes it when she gets to the fields, and does her digging and plowing in a gray under-dress.

Brides wear a red cap with silver spangles. The sleeves are of violet, underneath is a white blouse and a green belt profusely stitched in silk and wool. She, like the Swedish brides, jingles as she moves, because of the multitude of overlapping metal decorations. She is a radiant spectacle at the wedding festivities, which often last for days. The painting on the cover of this number of *The Mentor* shows one of these glistening wedding costumes on a fair young Norwegian bride.

Exceedingly attractive is the costume of the peasantry in Finland. The skirts and blouses worn by women when bent upon daily duties are individualized by bands of embroidery; the headdress, also the shoes, reflects Oriental beginnings, for the origin of the Finnish race is traced to Eastern tribes. The Finns are inordinately fond of outdoor life—of sunlight, and meadows



"TALKING TO THE DEAD"

In Normandy, superstition still holds sway. The girl, in dress of dark blue and cap of linen, awaits the verdict of the aged soothsayer who, by crossing lighted candles before a mirror, essays to tell whether the sailor lover of the anxious visitor be dead or alive. The everyday dress of Normandy women, simple but time-honored, is well displayed in this illustration

bright with flowers. Their clothes express this love of freedom and color, and also reveal the industry of the women at their looms and with their needles, which they diligently ply during the long days and nights of the winter time.

Russia is so vast, with such a variety of physical types, that the student of costume must necessarily limit somewhat his range of investigation. Crossing from the southern peninsula of Finland to Petrograd, the traveler is confronted at the railway station with an amusing and omnipresent Russian

type—the *isvoschik*, or cab driver, “a pure Slav, with thick, coarse hair cropped low in his neck and a hat with squat crown crushed down to his ears. His broad face appears from under the curled-up brim with a calm serenity which is not without its measure of cunning. He sits his box in the cab rank, stoical but alert. His long blue *armyak* is generously gathered at the line where the skirt joins the body. This ample garment, peculiar to Russian cabmen of all degrees, is so padded from shoulder to hip as to render corpulent the leanest of cabbies. A tinselled belt satisfies his native fondness for decoration.”

Costume in that part of southern Russia called the Ukraine has unique appeal. Says a writer familiar with the country: “The essential characteristics of Ukrainian dress are its freedom from exaggeration, and



A PLEASANT PLACE TO BE

In the province of Dalecarlia, Sweden, where smiles are no brighter than neckerchiefs and aprons, and the summer landscape makes a fair background for pictures like this



From a painting by Carl Larsson

ON THE WAY TO PASTURE ❖ ❖

A Swedish farm woman, leading a fractious cow, pauses to question Carl Larsson, famous artist, as he sets up his easel to sketch his country house in Dalecarlia. The robust figure in blue headcloth, red jacket, and tucked-up skirt is typical of rustic Sweden

its intricate ornament. Notwithstanding the invasions of machine-made materials, the Ukrainian still sticks to his hand-made cloths." In Kieff, a principal province of Little Russia, in the southwest, soft, dark colors predominate. Floral motives are much used, especially on linen. The men's dress is quite simple, usually a white shirt, much embroidered, and wide linen trousers, with an overcoat of homespun cloth, drawn in at the waist. The women, in their bright skirts decorated with elaborate needlework and contrasting bands of color, wear waists of white linen, also embroidered. The girls dress their hair in plaits coiled around the head, and add a wreath of fresh flowers. A married woman always covers her head with a cap. A housewife performs most of her tasks in the open, for the Ukrainian loves the world out of doors.

Along the shores of the Volga River, which separates western from eastern Russia, costumes are a perennial interest to the stranger. There is no better place to observe the varying developments of tribal dress than at the world-famed fair of Nizhni Novgorod. Here are merchants from Bokhara and Turkestan, from the tundras and cities of Siberia, from the Caucasus, from White Russia, Great Russia, Little Russia; above all, the Tatars are in evidence. During the middle of August, when the trading is heaviest, this meeting place of nations and international exchange offers a panorama of na-



tional costume unsurpassed in Europe.

In the wake of Oriental exodus from southern Europe was left a kind of mantle with short sleeves, still worn by Hungarian men and called *szür*. Counterparts of these jackets have been discovered on a Persian stone relief. As in other Slavic countries, the women's costumes in Hungary are elaborately embellished with needlework. The apron is a feature on which special care is expended. Frequently it is black with a fine border in primary colors. There is no gayer sight in the world than a highroad in Hungary on Sunday morning, or a marriage feast. Scarlet jackets for women are the vogue, and much white is also worn.

In the southern basin of the Rhine, within the borders of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the costume of the inhabitants has been little affected by the passing of the centuries. Even when engrossed in workaday tasks, youths and maidens deck themselves

in a manner reminiscent of their forebears. A farmer's daughter arrayed literally in all her glory is on her way to market. She wears a black silk hood with broad bow ends coquettishly spread beneath her chin. A short sleeveless jacket is buttoned over a white blouse, and skirts upon skirts give her a decidedly stand-outish effect. Above all—or, rather, beneath all—is displayed the distinguishing note of the Hessian girls' dress: silken garter ends, bravely adorned with flowers. Shoes with large silver buckles complete a thoroughly smart outfit.

A charming model painted by Alma Erdmann represents a Saxon beauty in the accepted costume of her country. How winning the smile, how pretty the poise of the head graced by a black beribboned cap! What good things she will bring home in the bag of braided straw! She carries the family umbrella of dark blue with striped border.

The strong men of the Tyrol fit well into their environment. To see them early in the morning, working among their cattle and in the fields, is an experience not to be forgotten, especially when the sun is just touching the peaks of the snow-capped mountains. Franz Defregger, himself a Tyrolean,

often painted the people native to these mountain farms, and their attractive daughters, whose dark beauty is well set off by the frame of broad shade hats.

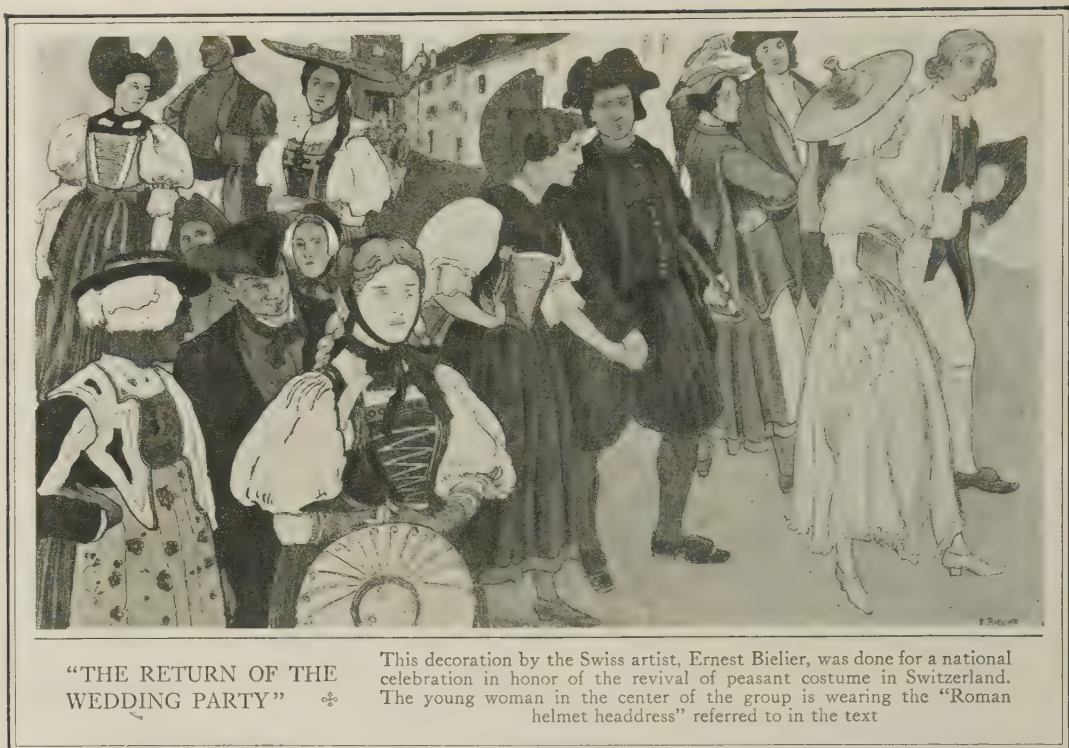
Of all the Continental countries that invite tourists, none surpasses Switzerland in the charm of its peasantry and their time-honored observances. Within a few years a movement has been started by well-to-do Swiss women to encourage the revival of national dress. Costumes originating in by-gone centuries had gradually been discarded, except in the Rhone Valley and in a few cantons where it was worn on holidays only. The Swiss artist Ernest Bielier returned to his native land, after a successful career abroad, to assist in this costume propaganda. He now gives most of his time to painting pictures of his countrymen and women in the dress of their ancestors. The reproduction of "The Little Red Horse" shows a Swiss mother with her tiny daughter. The mother wears a black silk cap of a design familiar in her native can-



From a painting by Alma Erdmann

A SAXON HOUSEWIFE

Setting out to market. About her shoulders, the ends falling beneath the waist, is a fringed shawl of white with stripes, red, blue, green, and yellow. Her skirt is plum color, her bodice, cap, and apron black. The capacious umbrella is dark blue, with a bright border, and the handwoven basket adds another note of color



ton, an orange-colored neckerchief and a dark blue dress. The baby is all dressed up in a white knitted cap and a fascinating frock with knitted and embroidered sleeves. The red horse is a favorite Swiss toy. The women of Switzerland show a preference for knitted decorations, in contrast to the embroidery and lace popularly used in other lands. An imposing headdress worn by young Swiss women is a reminder of Roman occupation centuries ago. It resembles the helmet of a Roman soldier in its high crest-like shape. This and other historic Swiss headdresses are shown in a decorative panel from the brush of Ernest Bielier.

In the mountains one often sees a goatherd with his flock. He always wears a colored skull cap; the color varies according to the province, or canton. A leather shoulder strap supports a pouch that holds salt for the goats.

National dress still prevails in many regions of France. Especially proud of their linen and lace caps are the women of Normandy and Brittany. “By their caps you shall know them.” Coarse dark blue or brown cloth is a favorite material for dresses, and velvet is also used. Always the women knit, both for the men and themselves. The shoes, usually of wood, do nothing to add to the grace of the wearer’s feet, but, like many other elements of costume seen in Europe and elsewhere, the sabot is the product of local conditions. The wooden shoe is a better protection than one made of leather in wet fields and on tide-washed shores, such as those of France, Belgium, and Holland.

The dress of the seafaring Dutch is not unlike that of their Brittany



From a painting by Ernest Bieller

“THE LITTLE
RED HORSE”

What better argument for the revival and survival of national dress than the gay frock and knitted cap of this Swiss baby?

WHERE FOLK COSTUME SURVIVES TO-DAY

and Normandy brothers. In the gravure section of this issue are reproduced a number of delightful pictures by the American painter George Wharton Edwards. As an artist and author who knows Holland well, we are indebted to Mr. Edwards for information concerning Dutch fashions. The country, first settled by Germanic peoples, later came under the influence of Rome and Spain, and to this day there are traces to be seen of Roman and Spanish domination in dress and decoration. The best that remains in Holland of ancient costume is to be found on the island of Marken, and in Friesland and Zeeland, though it is not entirely abandoned in other sections. Two circumstances in particular have had much to do with the regrettable disappearance of the costume native to Dutch provinces: when the young men enter military service and don the uniform, they seldom, if ever, go back to the old dress; country girls going out to service in the large centers adopt prosaic



From *La Gaceta del Arte*
"MATADOR GALLITO AND
HIS FAMILY" ❖ ❖ ❖

No painter of modern Spain has equaled Zuloaga in his representations of native types and costumes. In this vivid group he shows a famous bull-fighter surrounded by the members of his family in traditional Spanish dress

"city clothes." The people of Marken, on their comparatively inaccessible island, cling to old customs. The men affect a divided skirt ending at the knee, which is possibly of Oriental origin, or possibly medieval German. A blue shirt is worn with this, and the ever-present pair of silver buttons fasten the collar. The women wear silk or woolen skirts over numerous petticoats, and a white laced bodice. Their hair is cut in a bang, with a long curl on either side of the face, and when they grow old these (it is whispered) are replaced by false curls. Their sleeves are knitted, as in Switzerland.

One of the most interesting features of Dutch costume is the head-dress of the women of Friesland. Every province has its distinguishing forms. Frieslanders wear plates of pure beaten gold, fitting the head closely, beneath an immaculate cap. The twisted ends at the front gradually evolved into the spiral ornaments which are seen to-day fastened at either side of the forehead. Carefully wrought silver belt clasps, for both men and women, and buttons and other ornaments of silver and gold are especially popular in Holland, and are willed as legacies from one generation to another.

Spain and Portugal still retain traditional costumes, some of them derived from the Romans, others from the Moors. In the north of Spain colors are subdued, or if bright ones are used they are combined with black or dark brown. The mountaineers about Segovia wear sandals, with legs "cross-gartered," knee breeches, a short jacket or coat, and a wide-brimmed felt hat over the inevitable handkerchief bound round the head. A staff frequently completes this austere but natty attire. A familiar figure in Spanish streets



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NAPLES

One comes upon wandering couples like this, whose attraction for the stranger is their festal attire, but whose own chief concern seems to be—each other



Drawing by R. Caton Woodville

ALBANIAN MOUNTAINEERS

Their jackets of somber black commemorate Scanderbeg, "the Dragon of Albania," who, acclaimed as a national hero, died in the year 1467.



Drawing by R. Caton Woodville

WOMEN OF ALBANIA

In native costume reflecting Oriental influence. Every year they make an offering of flowers to the memory of Scanderbeg

is the night watchman, the *sereno*, who walks abroad with a heavy striped blanket about throat and shoulders. He carries a spear and lantern, and, around his waist, a huge leather belt with rows of pockets filled with keys—the keys to the doors of householders on his beat. As for young bloods who consider themselves "mirrors of fashion in the mold of form," they appear on Spanish streets in the north with hair banded and brushed forward over the ears, in imitation of the bull-fighters. Their hats are flat-brimmed, their short coats are of black velvet, and red sashes bind their narrow hips.

WHERE FOLK COSTUME SURVIVES TO-DAY

The lean brown women of northern Spain, in their low-toned dress and head covering, are as typical of the country as the flashing *señoritas* of the south. Yet it is these southern women that travelers love most to describe. True, they are not often as beautiful as we have dreamed them to be, nor do they wear the *mantilla* and full satin skirt every day, as painters and writers would have us believe. But at *fiesta* and *feria*, how rich the shawls, how entrancing the lace head scarf of white or black, how effective the fan and the comb and the camellias! Certain annual festivals observed by high-born Spaniards are made the occasion for rarely beautiful costuming descended from grandes of other days.

The Andalusian *muchacha*—perhaps she is one of several dark-eyed girls dancing at a spring fair—"poses in a flounced skirt that springs like a bell over lacy petticoats. The long fringe of her red and white or blue-green shawl drips from shoulder and dress. She carries a flower in her mouth; in her hair is a mammoth comb. Her partner is a slim youth, tight-trousered, short-jacketed, belted high with a bright sash."

To a still greater extent than in Spain the Portuguese peasantry commonly wear the dress that custom and necessity have evolved. The Minho women, living in the foothills of North Portugal, according to an American woman who has traveled extensively in this beautiful realm beside the sea, "are the handsomest in the country. Their costume can be surpassed nowhere in Portugal, or out of it, for the manner of its wearing, for its colors and weaving. Here is a blond goddess with Diana limbs. Her chemise is of lawn, the skirt, ample as her stride, is of wool grown on her own hillside, spun on her own spindles; on the yoke of her black velvet apron her initials are embroidered. Her breast is weighted with golden ornaments, and she wears long earrings."

In Italy many peasant costumes have passed away with the times that produced them, but enough remain to reward one bent on pursuit. Changes in dress are mainly due to the development of railway communications, and to emigration.



ANNOUNCING AN ENGAGEMENT IN SERVIA

Is a public affair. The name of the fortunate man is embroidered on an apron like the one in the picture, and proudly donned for all who promenade to read

WHERE FOLK COSTUME SURVIVES TO-DAY

One also sees wonderful gold and silver button clasps and earrings, to say nothing of necklaces and other jewelry, for the Italian loves such adornments. As for coral, how can one ward off the "evil eye" if one does not wear it? From childhood, Italian peasants wear certain kinds of jewelry calculated to protect them against misfortune.

In the Abruzzi district one may still find native costumes in profusion. In their variety they are significant of both the temperament and climate of the region. Sombre and severe where the climate is vigorous; gay near the sea. Red is the prevailing color throughout Italy in one form or another.

Servia can show costumes as colorful and original as those of the Ukrainians. Rumanian women are so expert with the needle that their designs are copied wherever fashion reigns. In Dalmatia, costumes of centuries-old pattern are still preserved. Dalmatian men, reversing the traditions of sex, do fine embroidery in gold and proudly wear jackets that demonstrate their industry and ability. Within the borders of what was once called Montenegro national dress is still worn in town and country. Before political changes, brought about by the Great War, even the king appeared in the native plaid sash, long white coat, and full breeches.

An Albanian calls himself "Son of the Mountain Eagle," and well deserves the name, for always has he lived among barren crags, holding his independence and racial habits against the inroads of Turk and Greek. To his western neighbor he has passed on the long plaited skirt which the sturdy-limbed sons of Greece have adopted for both ceremonial and working costume. The most significant feature of Albanian apparel is the short-sleeved jacket of black, which for five centuries has been worn by the stalwarts of this rugged land as a constant reminder of the death of their national hero, Scanderbeg, who in the fifteenth century fought through twenty-five campaigns against the Turks, and freed his country from the oppressor. The Albanian women, in their almost purely Oriental costume, make an annual offering of flowers at the Castle of Scodra, in memory of the "Dragon of Albania."

Here, near the eastern frontier of Europe, the wanderer ends his pilgrimage.



A KING IN NATIONAL DRESS
King Nicholas of Montenegro commonly wore the
dress of his peasant subjects

PICTURESQUE HOLLAND

SCENES IN THE LAND OF DIKES AND WINDMILLS—HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE—HOW THEY DRESS—HOW THEY WORK AND PLAY

PICTURES AND TEXT BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS
AUTHOR OF "HOLLAND OF TO-DAY," "MARKEN AND ITS PEOPLE"



A STREET IN LEYDEN

"For years Holland has enjoyed a safe and uneventful life. She has retained her wealth by incredible industry. Her place among nations she holds by consent of Europe, and thus her political existence has been untroubled. So Holland has lived on, entirely self-centered, splendidly exploiting her rich colonies, leaving to history her former dreams of empire, and practicing in speech and action that prudence of which she has made a supreme virtue, and which has hitherto made for her safety and security."

PICTURESQUE HOLLAND

PICTURES AND TEXT BY
GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

A FRIEND of mine in Holland, from whom I received many courtesies, asked me to tell my readers "that the Netherlands is something else than a colored postal card country, in which, on flat green fields, are rings of dancing red-bodied, white-capped girls, fat herds of black and white cows browsing beneath the wavering arms of fantastic windmills, and stolid lines of Zuyder Zee (pronounced Zoider Zay) fishermen clad in incredibly wide trousers and comical short-waisted red coats gazing seaward at nothing in particular.

"The Netherlands," he says, "is not to be considered as a fat Dutch cheese in a puddle of water. The Queen does not commonly wear a flapping lace cap with silver screw ornaments at her temples; nor has she long yellow braids hanging down her back. No Dutch girl ever wears braids. The 'Stadhouders' do not appear before Her Majesty, the Queen, in wide velveteen maroon-colored trousers and elaborately carved and varnished wooden shoes, their hands in their pockets, and long pipes in their mouths; nor do all the people wear the quaint costume of Marken. Please say," he urges, "that the Netherlands is not a nation of freaks, that we venture to consider ourselves a most serious, energetic, and important people; that in our estimation we are not at all behind the times; that certainly our traditions are sacred to us, but that our position in the

world of art, science, literature, and industry is at least honorable, and that we are not content to rest upon our achievements, but are entirely abreast of the times, and ambitious as to our future. Say to them, also, mynheer, that if they would appreciate the Netherlands and know it for what it is, they must believe that our picturesque anachronisms are not a whit less amusing to us than they are to the tourist, and that the evidences of the sixteenth-century manners in the out-of-the-way districts are regarded by

us simply with affectionate tolerance. Thus, mynheer, you will do a great justice to my beloved country."

While assuring Mynheer B—that I appreciated his feelings so eloquently expressed, I took great pains to explain to him that the characteristics which seemed so trivial and unworthy to him were those that rendered his country so charming and so dear to the lover of the quaint and the unusual, and that he need have no fear that the brave little country "at the peril of the sea" would be misunderstood by the people of the great republic, whose admiration for the laws and

the great and heroic deeds of the Dutch is unbounded.

Dutch pride in the achievements of their country is not to be wondered at. Let us remember that the men who founded New York were Dutchmen; that the Puritans who arrived at Plymouth had spent years at



A VOLENDAM TYPE

The Volendam matron, when dressed ceremonially, wears some fourteen petticoats, which are suspended from a wooden hoop worn about her waist. The cap with its two long lace points projecting from each side of the face is unique—different from all others worn in Holland



IN A DUTCH GARDEN

Romance in a teacup. Two friends, dressed for an afternoon outing, consult the age-old oracle

Delft under Dutch influence and protection; that Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was educated in the Netherlands, and that William Penn's mother was a Dutch woman.

There is a popular ballad by Brand, in which the Dutch proclaim their sentiments, and which literally translated reads:

"We live free, we live blithe, on Netherlands' dear ground; delivered from slavery, we are through concord great and free; here the land suffers no tyranny, where freedom has subsisted for ages."

The Dutch nation, though small, is earnest, unsentimental, and most up-to-date. The people are intensely ambitious, serious-minded, and commercial—animated with the desire to maintain Holland's prestige and her monopolies in the international markets.

The Dutch are highly scientific people as well, and among other accomplishments have developed the art of agriculture to the highest degree. They excel in engineering. Their

cattle breeding serves as a model for the world, and their ancient culture, which long led all others, still maintains a foremost position. In short, the native Netherlands are a vigorous, sturdy, active, energetic, and wide-awake people who know themselves pretty well—their place in history, their national character, and their rights and privileges in present-day world politics.

Though on the very borderland of the great European War, Holland kept out of it—and it was well that she did so. There never was a country in which war would be so out of place as in the Netherlands—land of dike and windmill, of tulips, hyacinths, and cream cheese. You think of it maybe as a sort of fairyland, but never by any chance as a grim battlefield. The peasantry are too quaint; the windmills too industrious; and over the calm canals, reflecting the piled-up clouds, spreads such evidence of peace.

The first impression gained by the traveler in Holland resembles in one respect that

given by our own Far Western prairie regions: the broad, wind-swept flat country with comparatively few trees, and lying open to the gales of the North Sea, has a little of the same bare aspect. But with this is mingled a most decided aspect of novelty. The Dutch fields are cultivated with the care of suburban market gardens, and are separated by long V-shaped ditches, through which the water runs sluggishly some feet below the surface of the ground. Looking across them, one sees broad, brown, velvety-hued sails moving in various directions among the growing crops; the roadway is on an embankment often paved with brick, running high above the land, frequently crossing canals lying far enough below for the brightly painted barges with lowered masts to pass freely, generally without the need of drawbridges.

The passenger boats, once so common in the canals, are fast disappearing; like the diligences, they have been replaced by the system of steam tram cars which now cross the country, but here and there this old-fashioned means of communication between the towns and villages still survives, and it is certainly a delightful experience to make a journey on market day in one of these arks. It is generally a long and rather narrow boat, low in the water, and usually painted green and white, with a low-roofed deck cabin divided into two

compartments running the entire length, with clean board seats, and tiny lace-curtained windows, the floor scrubbed with sand until it is almost as white as snow. The roof is covered with a mixture of sand and pulverized shells on a foundation of bitumen to hold it. It is most delightful to sail or be

pulled along by "boy power" through the country between the "pollarded green banks" and look upon the changing landscape and the brown-armed mills in legions engaged in battle against the water enemy.

The climate of Holland is similar to that of England for spring, summer, and autumn, save that it is warmer in the summer and the cold is much more severe in winter. August is the hot month and the least preferable. During the spring the country round about Haarlem is enlivened by great patchwork sheets of color. These are the tulip and hyacinth beds, vivid and beautiful, but the bulbs are grown for profit, not pleasure or beauty, and economy of space is carefully studied. Holland has a relatively low rainfall, accounted for by the absence of heights to attract rain clouds.

The very laws of nature have here been reversed, for, disregarding the Biblical injunction, every house is built upon the sand, and the whole coast is held together practically by straws. There being little or no wood in the country, whole forests have been brought hither in ships, and buried as pile foundations for the cities. Save in the Island of Urk in the Zuyder Zee, there is not a native stone to be found anywhere, yet artificial mountains (almost) have been brought in vessels from Sweden and Norway and in the most masterful and ingeni-



A DUTCH GOCART

When it comes to taking care of baby, safety is assured by building a perambulator that is as sound in its construction as it is original

ous manner erected as barriers against the encroachment of the sea. The vast array of windmills over the country exact toll from the very air, and rivers are made to course and trees are made to grow exactly where they are needed. Water, air, and earth thus under control have made for the greatness



THE STRANGE HEADDRESS OF HINDELOOPEN

Consists of a skull cap of pure, beaten gold, which fits closely over the head. It is covered with lace through which the gold gleams with charming effect. The headdress had its origin when the favorite daughter of one of the early rulers of Friesland had the misfortune to lose her hair. Her father offered a large reward for an ornamental head covering which would enable her to appear to advantage in court. The cap which she wore found so much favor that it was adopted by the ladies of the court and became part of the provincial costume

as well as picturesqueness of the Netherlands.

Almost every foot of this low land has been reclaimed from the ever-menacing sea. The Hollanders know how to build a dike around a stretch of swamp or marsh covering hundreds of acres. Here they will set up powerful pumps, and in a short time a fertile plain coated with sea clay or rich river mud appears, and this reclaimed land is leased to farmers and cattle breeders, who develop it into new villages and populous centers. These reclaimed lands must be constantly defended against the waters, and on the maps one finds a network of "polder dikes" with mighty sea walls, constructed by the Dutch engineers, who are world-famed for their skill. Thus the hundreds of windmills which give such a quaint and picturesque charm to the landscape are mainly for the very practical purpose of draining the land

of the troublesome water, and, in addition to these, huge steam pumps are everywhere in operation for the same purpose.

The visitor finds Holland a land that he can respect, as well as admire, for its picturesque quality. There being no mountains, there are consequently no valleys. Each town and village will offer to the traveler a quality and charm of its own; the engineer, the agriculturist, and the artist will find everywhere food for thought and study. Nowhere else can such pictures be found as those in the galleries of The Hague and Amsterdam. Nowhere else can such stupendous engineering problems be studied; and the Dutch farm is perfection. As to the living, it need hardly be stated here that in Holland the mutton and fish are of fine quality, and, while the style of cooking is not always that to which one is accustomed, one may always



ON THE WAY TO MARKET—VEERE

On market day the Hollander combines business with pleasure. The peasants come flocking in from miles about in high-waisted wagons, hay-cushioned, and drawn by hollow-backed Flemish donkeys, bell-rigged and brass-harnessed; in low two-wheeled carts, drawn by savage-looking dogs of nondescript breed

find a good meal, even in the remote districts, while in the large towns and cities the hotels are equal to those of any country.

One may live as comfortably and as inexpensively in the Netherlands as in America, and it may be said further that nowhere on the continent will the traveler be better served and entertained. The men are kind-hearted if somewhat reserved, and the women, while shy, will cheerfully accord one civility. The children are sometimes too

curious and obtrusive, especially in the tourist regions, but they are usually kindly disposed.

Above all classes, Holland makes an appeal to the artist. He finds pictures there on every hand.

*"Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar,
Like wings of sea gulls on the shore."*



AN OYSTER GIRL OF GOES

The population of a Dutch fishing-town is as quaint as the vessels and the charming old gabled houses. The fisher-folk have a character all their own; superb, thick-set, well-fed they are; most picturesque, too, in their heavy boots and strange, high-waisted jackets; brawny giants all of them



© George Wharton Edwards

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

TULIP BEDS

In the neighborhood of Leyden are exquisite fields, flooded with broad waves of scarlet and white and yellow tulips. The effect is unique, particularly if viewed from the top of a windmill. The tulip is not grown for the flower but for the *onion*, or bulb, and hundreds of tons of the beautiful blossoms are allowed to decay



© George Wharton Edwards

A ZEELAND MILKMAID

It is not at all uncommon while walking along the streets of a Zeeland town to meet a young woman in a blue striped skirt who bears, from a green yoke on her shoulders, a pair of brightly burnished brass milk cans. It makes a fair picture with mellow golden and misty blue tones



© George Wharton Edwards

A TILED INTERIOR

Holland is the home of tiles. They are used extensively in both exterior construction and interior decoration. Very artistic designs have been made of them



© George Wharton Edwards

FISHERMAN OF URK

Urk is essentially a fishing village. The streets are quite deserted week days, save for a few women and children, the men being away with the fishing fleet. On Sundays, when the fishing smacks are back in the harbor, the men sally forth, pipe in mouth, their hands thrust into their wide corduroy breeches in characteristic Dutch pose



THE WEEPERS' TOWER—AMSTERDAM

Here, for hundreds of years, the families or wives of fishermen waved good-by to the departing sailors, and watched them disappear out to sea. This tower dates back to the fifteenth century



THE KERMIS—MIDDELBURG

The Middelburg kermis supplies a favorable opportunity for studying the Zeeland peasants, for it is then that they flock in from the country. Their dress, decorated with quaint beaten silver ornaments, is peculiar, and perhaps the most elaborate in Holland



IN A NORTH HOLLAND TOWER

No Dutch landscape is complete without a tower, and no memory of Holland is perfect without the recollection of the profoundly plaintive music of the bells and the tinkling chimes. Both day and night their voices are heard over the countryside



ON THE JETTY—MARKEN

Marken is an island in the Zuyder Zee, and is inhabited almost exclusively by fishermen, whose gaily colored costumes, manners, and houses retain much that is peculiar and interesting. The various groups of houses on the island are connected by narrow embankments paved with tiles



© George Wharton Edwards

AN ANTIQUE PUSH SLEIGH—FRIESLAND

Sleighing and skating are as essentially a part of Dutch life as canals and windmills are part of Dutch landscape. Skating clubs are to be found in each town, as the sport is most popular throughout the country. The Hollanders learned to skate from the Romans, and examples of the earliest skates, made of bones smoothed and polished to a flat surface, may be seen in many of the Dutch museums



GREAT REMBRANDT PAINTING COMES TO AMERICA

Another notable painting has come to America, to be added to the rapidly growing collection of masterpieces in the possession of museums and collectors. In this case it is a Rembrandt, and the details of its history are of particular interest.

About the year 1642, the same year that saw the production of the great "Night Watch," Rembrandt van Rijn, the Dutch master, painted the "Woman Plucking a Fowl." In it he portrayed his mother's face, with the light falling softly upon it and the left hand obscured in shadow. It was characteristic of his fondness for studies in contrasts; the handling of light and shade upon the figure is the painting's greatest charm. But, one hundred years later, the then owner of this Rembrandt, the Earl of Wemyss, decided that the master could be improved upon and employed a painter to do the job. This painter covered over the window and painted in the left hand of the figure, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

Mutilated as it was, the "Woman Plucking a Fowl" was still a notable painting, and it passed from collector to collector. Eventually it was lost sight of, largely because of the alterations of the Earl of Wemyss' painter.

No longer was the painting unmistakably a Rembrandt. In 1912, it appeared at the Hotel Druout at Paris, where it was put up at auction by an old lady, Madame Levaigreur. A representative of the Kleinberger gallery, of New York, recognized it as a Rembrandt, and bought it for 528,000 francs.

The painting was then sent to Berlin for restoration. Professor Hauser, an expert in this work, skillfully removed the overlying paint, and revealed the work in all its original qualities. The painting is now in New York, and is valued at more than \$100,000.

It is said that Rembrandt, born in Leyden, Holland, probably in 1607, persuaded his father to let him adopt art as a profession by citing the great wealth of Rubens, the Flemish painter. Masters were engaged in Leyden and Amsterdam, and one of the youthful artist's first pictures was sold at a good price. Rembrandt became rich, but died in extreme poverty.

An authority on Dutch art declares that "Gold loses its value where Rembrandt's pictures are concerned. Never was his art valued so highly as it is now. The houses where he lived are bought by art lovers. At the

present time Rembrandt is in the zenith of his glory. Fortunes are spent to secure the most insignificant of his works; people travel across continents to see them; and criticism, which for long years did little more than snarl at Rembrandt, has for nearly fifty years been dumb."



AMERICA'S NEW REMBRANDT AS "IMPROVED"

A forgotten artist, employed by an English nobleman who owned the picture, painted out a window in the background and painted in the left hand of the subject, which Rembrandt obscured in shadow. The picture now appears as Rembrandt painted it, the overlying paint having been removed by a Berlin expert, so the window again throws its light on the face and figure



Courtesy the American Museum of Natural History and David Aaron & Co., Inc.

WHERE THE
CENTURIES MEET

Designs of yesterday inspire those of to-day. This museum display was arranged to demonstrate the use of primitive art motives in modern decorative textiles. Peruvian ponchos, North American Indian basketware, and original Siberian robes are included in the exhibit



PRIMITIVE SOURCES OF DESIGN

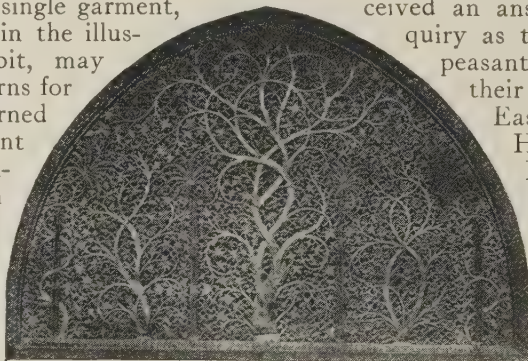
BY GENE BERTON

Who designed that gorgeous scarf you wear, or the bizarre border on your dress? An artist long dead. Perhaps the original pattern adorned a vestment antedating the Incas in Peru. Or possibly an Egyptian handiworker made it at the command of a royal amateur of pottery. Or a North American aboriginal, skilled in rude arts, wove the design for basket or blanket.

The crafts of ancient peoples are well-springs of design. A single garment, such as those shown in the illustrated museum exhibit, may inspire a dozen patterns for decorative textiles turned out to-day. Within recent years the industrial collections of American museums have been opened to designers and textile manufacturers, and prizes have been offered for the best designs suggested by primitive fabrics, embroidery, pottery, rugs, armor, carved wood. At the

American Museum of Natural History, New York, collections from the Orient, Siberia, North and South America, and islands of the Pacific are constantly sought for their color combinations, balance of design, and weaving technic.

A representative of the Brooklyn Museum recently made an extended tour through southern Europe, studying ethnological collections, described as museums of costume, supported by the state. "The encouragement and conservation of these peasant arts," he reports, "is regarded as a matter of public polity. The study of peasant costume and ornament has engaged the attention of distinguished scholars. In Budapest I received an answer to my primal inquiry as to the origin of current peasant designs in Europe and their relation to the art of the East. The director of the Hungarian Museum of Decorative Art declared that the identities we observe between the decorative art of the East and of Europe are largely the result of Turkish influence. I learned from him of the Turkish embroiderers, the slaves whose work was so highly esteemed that they commanded



"THE TREE OF LIFE"

One of the most distinguished of all Oriental motives, and repeatedly used in textiles, architecture, and mural decoration. This superb carved wood screen from India serves as an inspiration to designers the world over

high prices after the Turks themselves were driven out of Hungary. It was these slaves who made many of the saddles and arms and other amazing objects that are contained in the Hungarian national collections."

Turkish leather and metal workers are responsible for many designs common not only in Hungary and the Balkans, but in Sweden and Norway. They probably reached Scandinavia by way of Russia from Asia Minor, and may be traced in still earlier times to the fertile fields of Persian and Hindu art.

Design, "utilitarian in impulse," is distinctive from ornament, which came with civilization. The decoration of fabrics preceded paintings; needlework and embroidery were employed before weaving. Primitive forms representing human, animal, bird, and flower life are seen in the earlier woven works. Under Arabic influence, garden designs were continually used—the carnation, hyacinth, tulip, rose, pomegranate, and pineapple being the most popular.

Egyptian artists used lotus and papyrus blossoms in ornate borders and "all-over" designs. The vulture, emblem of maternal protection, is ever present in the textiles of old Egypt, and the water motive appears in a variety of forms.

A decorative motive descended to us from the Greeks is the "key border," called also the "Walls of Troy," because of its resemblance to the meandering walls besieged, according to Greek legend, by Agamemnon. In simplicity of line and arrangement this border is rivaled by the "egg and dart," another pattern as familiar to us as to the ancient Greeks. The honeysuckle, conventionalized, was a great favorite with Greek designers, who used it both as mural decoration and in costume.

Japanese gardens and orchards have been for tens of centuries a prolific source of design; likewise Japanese and Chinese legends, embracing the stork, the dragon, and the immortal phoenix.

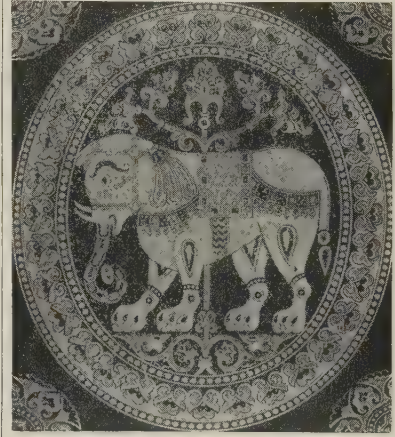
The palm cone and the windings of the silvery Jhelum, renowned river of India, suggested to craftsmen one of the most celebrated of

A printed muslin showing a pattern suggested by the wood anemone. The design was much admired in the Victorian period



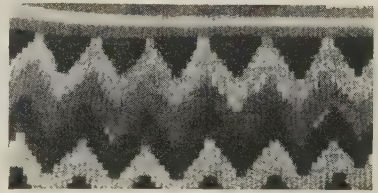
THE GARDEN AS A SOURCE OF DESIGN

A conception of Byzantine origin. The palm tree, or "tree of life," makes a conventionalized setting for a contemplative elephant. The design, taken from an ancient ecclesiastical vestment, was introduced into Europe by the daughters of Charlemagne, in 800 A. D.



A JUNGLE MOTIVE

This old Peruvian textile shows the famous wave motive, so much used by primitive peoples of both hemispheres. With certain tribes it also represents lightning

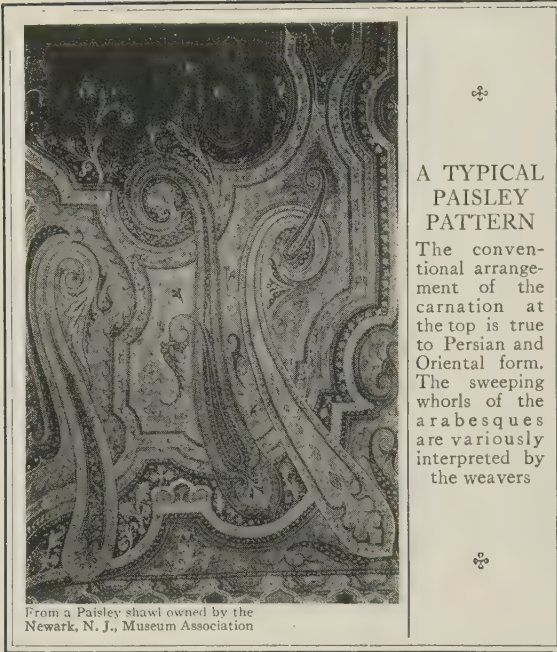


FROM NATURE'S LABORATORY

The fantastic Persian cock appears in a fabric woven about 600 A. D., and offers a mine of ideas to the designer. American textile manufacturers, keeping pace with the modern demand for archaic designs, have frequently made use of this smart-looking bird to adorn their product



FROM A PERSIAN BARNYARD



From a Paisley shawl owned by the Newark, N. J., Museum Association

A TYPICAL PAISLEY PATTERN

The conventional arrangement of the carnation at the top is true to Persian and Oriental form. The sweeping whorls of the arabesques are variously interpreted by the weavers

Oriental designs—the one employed in weaving the treasured shawls of Kashmir (Cashmere). Variations of the pattern were adapted by a canny Scotch woolen manufacturer, in the town of Paisley, near Glasgow. Here, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, machine-made shawls were executed on looms that for many years turned out excellent imitations of the hand-made shawls of India. The high-colored scrolls and floral groups of the Paisley shawl became the vogue, and have continued intermittently to be the fashion ever since. Factories of the Old and New World produce Paisley scarfs, Paisley ribbons, blouses, cravats, and draperies—and the romantic source of the design lies in the mountainous Vale of Kashmir. No less romantic is the inspiration derived from recent archaeological discoveries in Egypt, reflected in a wide range of styles and materials, produced by American manufacturers.

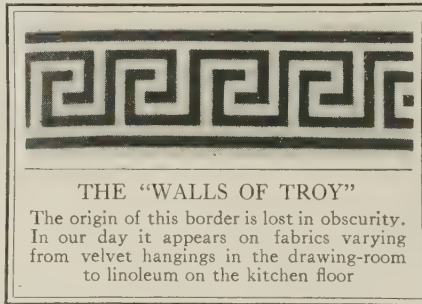
“Designers of all times,” we are reminded by Richard F. Bach, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, “have found their inspiration in the commonplaces of nature as well as in the plumage of birds and the resplendent colors of flowers. Each has written in slowly fading color and in materials that have defied centuries of human wear and tear the story of his own time, its beliefs, hopes, and daily routine.

“In these records of past life the artist of to-day seeks inspiration, coming upon it in Indian rugs or Persian lacquered book covers, if he happens to be a designer of ribbons; or perhaps in a Spanish fan, if he happens to be a designer of costume laces; or in Japanese armor if his work is to design sport skirts. And occasionally an artist will leave pad and pencil at home and browse among past glories to assimilate a general tone or character of style. Such was the costume designer who sat for hours in the Persian room at the

Metropolitan Museum, seeking no definitive motive, but carrying home ideas for marvelous gowns and evening wraps.

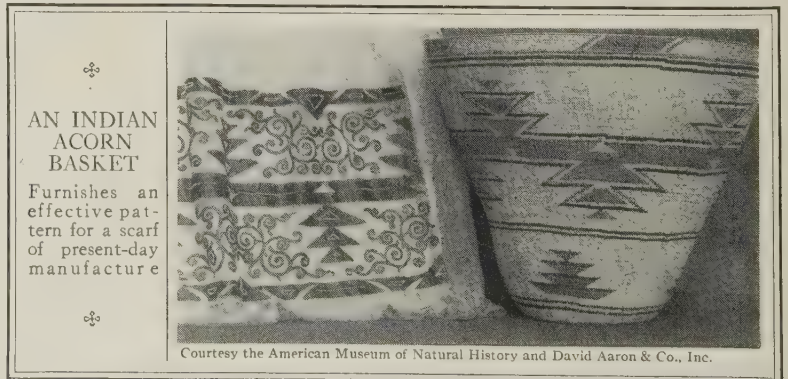
“Such designers there are, in scores of mills and factories and workshops. They make designs for woven laces, printed wall papers, for velvets and cretonnes, for neckties and lampshades, for rugs, advertisements, china, and bracelets, for no end of things of daily utility, which, without such attractive design, you and

I would never want to own. These designers, more often than we think or know, find their motives and colors in commonplace things.”



THE “WALLS OF TROY”

The origin of this border is lost in obscurity. In our day it appears on fabrics varying from velvet hangings in the drawing-room to linoleum on the kitchen floor



AN INDIAN ACORN BASKET

Furnishes an effective pattern for a scarf of present-day manufacture

Courtesy the American Museum of Natural History and David Aaron & Co., Inc.



THE SWASTIKA

*World-Wide Emblem
of Faith and Luck*

BY AGNES C. LAUT

H. G. Wells in his "Outline of History" remarks the prevalence among all people, in all ages, of the figure known as the swastika cross—"that odd little symbol that spins gaily around the world." The illustrator of this notable volume presents a picture of the cross with arms pointing to the left, while immemorial legend establishes that the cross, when used as a religious symbol and as an emblem of good luck, must whirl toward the right on its pivot, like the hands of a clock.

For years I have worn a silver charm given to me by a young Indian living in Taos, and a belt pin given by another Indian girl down at Acoma, on the plains of New Mexico. On both, the little cross is there, a tiny decoration lost in other scrolls. Recently I happened to be entertained in a home in New York State, where the niece of the famous Li Hung Chang was

also a guest. On leaving, the Chinese lady presented to our hostess a silk panner worn by Chinese brides, which had come down in her family for hundreds of years. What was my amazement to see woven among the delicate threads the swastika cross—an emblem of good fortune in the Li Hung Chang family for generations back.

In the caves of Southwestern canyons are dozens of swastika drawings etched on the soft rock by sharp bone instruments. On the cannibalistic sacrificial stones of Aztec temples; on toys dug out of the pedregal below Mexico City's present site; on old inscriptions down in Oaxaca and Yucatan, in Mayan remains, is found the true swastika. It appears on Egyptian tombs, on the clay tablets of Assyria and Nineveh and Babylon.

If the cave drawings of North America and Spain and France precede the glacial ages, as some scientists aver, the swastika, or four-foot cross, goes back to the earliest dawn of man. To prehistoric worshipers it was the sun's image; in the Stone Age and the Iron Age it was used as a decorative motive.

Over the entrance to Notre Dame, in Paris, is carved this monogrammatic sign, significant of all belief. To the Buddhist it represents the "wheel of life." Gypsies use the cross as a talisman to ward off evil spirits, and chalk it on trees to indicate to their followers likely places for encampment.

The swastika, drawn correctly, with ends bent at right angles, means, according to the Indian language, "it is well." Woe to the one who invites ill luck by wearing the emblem with arms bent to the left, for then it becomes the *suavas-tika*, sponsored by no religion, enigmatical figure of bad fortune.

It is said on good authority that on the wall of the room last occupied by the Czarina of Russia, in the ill-fated Villa Ipatief, there was found, after the extermination of the royal family, a penciled tracing of the *suavas-tika*, believed by

the superstitious to have a malign or adverse influence upon those that come under its spell. Frequently one sees the cross so drawn through ignorance or error. Altogether, thirty variations of the symbol are mentioned in a learned work devoted to the swastika. Sometimes it is drawn with the arms curved, or turned inward, like the familiar pattern of the Greek fret, or "Walls of Troy."

During the war, Queen Marie of Rumania placed the good-luck talisman at the head of hospital beds where wounded soldiers lay, and as the Regina Maria Cross bestowed it upon men distinguished for bravery.

Could the mystic swastika tell what it knows, we would have a complete record of the human race in its migrations and achievements from the beginning of time.



THE SWASTIKA IN GREEK ART

Vase with five swastikas of four different designs. The only true swastika is the one directly over the back of the wolf



BEAU NASH ❖ ❖ "KING OF BATH"

*The Glassmaker's Son
to Whom Royalty Bowled*

BY A. A. HOPKINS

The literature that has been written about Beau Nash and about Bath would fill a good-sized bookcase. Over a hundred important volumes, besides thousands of magazine articles and pamphlets, have been published in the past two centuries. No less a person than Oliver Goldsmith wrote a life of Richard Nash. Nash and Bath are interchangeable terms, for the Master of Ceremonies was largely responsible for putting the Georgian resort on the social map of England. At the end of the seventeenth century Bath was crowded and rather squalid. Everything was on a small, mean scale and nothing was done to attract visitors by developing the natural advantages of the town as a watering resort.

Before the advent of Beau Nash, distinguished visitors had, it is true, come to take the baths, but they had nothing good to say of the town except for the medicinal qualities of its waters. There was no place of public assembly, the fare for a "chair" was extortionate, and, in case of argument, chairmen had a neat little trick in rainy weather of opening the top to expose the unfortunate passenger.

Richard Nash, arbiter and promoter of fashion, was born at Swansea, Wales, in 1674. His father, a small glass manufacturer, wanted to make a gentleman of his son, and succeeded far beyond his original anticipation. Richard was sent to Oxford, and though he exhibited undoubted signs of genius they were not along scholastic lines. He was not noted for his industry, except in the matter of winning ladies' hearts, conducting pageants, and trying his luck at the gam-

ing table. In these pursuits he considered a uniform an advantage, so he became a soldier, but as his expenses were large and his income small he sold his commission and became a law student at the Inner Temple, London. Invariably he attracted attention by his dress, his ease of manner, and his ready tongue.

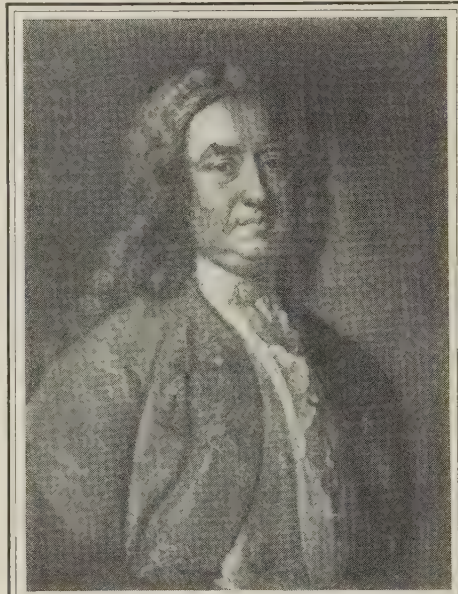
Nash and his friends, the English nobility, and upper classes generally were bitten with the mania for play. For their benefit, provisions for gaming were made at Bath, and eagerly welcomed was this country resort to which players could repair to indulge their passion. Young Nash was now an accom-

plished gambler. On his first visit to Bath he was introduced to the Master of Ceremonies, and when this dignitary was killed in a duel Nash was offered the succession, and quickly accepted. The adventurous young dandy had enough imagination to see what could be done to make Bath the first pleasure resort in the kingdom, and enough perseverance and self-confidence to carry out his schemes. The corporation had the good sense to realize the value of such a man to the city, and gave his efforts their support.

The new "King of Bath" engaged a band from London, which was supported by sub-

scription. He curbed profiteering landlords and hotel keepers. One night he astonished the corps of chair runners by inaugurating among the visitors, not a walk out, but a "walk home," which incited rowdy dirt-throwing at fine gentlemen, but led to a regulation of the tariff. In 1706 he persuaded the inhabitants to light the city by lanterns. In the same year the "Pump-Room" was opened and a room for dancing built.

Nash, having succeeded in his endeavors to draw people to Bath, now entered upon his second and more difficult task of correcting the provincial tone of the place. To combat snobbishness, the glassmaker's son drew up a code of manners—a model of its kind—



BEAU NASH (1674-1761)

He, a Welshman born, became a dictator of fashion and transformed the city of Bath from a squalid coast town into a resort for the nobility

which for all time left its imprint on English society. Rank was laid aside and all were united in one company. Bath became a most genial place to stay in. Nash conducted a successful crusade against irregularities of dress, and never would suffer any breach of etiquette to pass unrebuked. On one occasion the Duchess of Queensberry appeared at a ball wearing a lace apron. Nash indignantly stripped it off, and threw it on a bench, notwithstanding it was of point lace and worth five hundred guineas. Even more distasteful to him than women in aprons were men in boots. Nash prohibited the wearing of

swords in Bath—thereby cutting down the duels. Balls began at six in the evening and ended at eleven sharp, on his entering and signing the musicians to stop. In 1728 a princess of the reigning family visited Bath. As a member of royalty she assumed that rules were not for her, and refused to heed the closing signal. "Remember, Mr. Nash, I am a princess." "Yes, Madam," he replied, "but I reign here, and my laws must be kept." And royalty bowed to Beau Nash.

As time went on, the fine natural setting of Bath was embellished by stately buildings,



BEAU NASH'S HOUSE, BATH

The original owner decorated it so profusely that it attracted Beau Nash, who bought it for his home. It is representative of the type of dwelling built in Bath during Nash's campaign for a more attractive city

erected in place of mean brick and stone houses. Within a few years the city became one of the show places of the world, and still is for that matter.

The Bath Road was one of the most famous in the kingdom. As visitors approached after the three-day drive from London, abbey bells pealed in honor of their arrival. After these public greetings it was Nash's custom personally to greet the visitors. When the head of the family had made the proper subscriptions, visits were made to the baths, then to the Pump-Room to drink

the water. Breakfast followed, often in public grounds with music. "Bath buns" are still famous throughout the English-speaking world. A lecture, a dance on the lawn, a full dress parade, and it was time for more buttered buns. The usual dinner hour was four o'clock. Evenings were passed at the Pump-Room and at the assembly houses—dancing or playing cards.

Nash's affairs became so involved that a public subscription was raised for him. He died in 1761. He had a public funeral and was buried in the abbey church. With him passed the pomp of Bath, and the most distinguished of the famous "beaux" of England.



THE PUMP-ROOM, BATH, ENGLAND

The social center of the fashionable world which flocked to Bath for its medicinal waters and the gay entertainments promoted by Beau Nash. In the niche on the end wall stands a statue erected in his honor "out of gratitude for his well-known prudent management"



BEAU BRUMMELL THE "SUBLIME DANDY"

BY ELIZABETH G. MAYNARD

The best dressed man in history was Beau Brummell. Even to-day, a hundred and fifty years after his birth, his name symbolizes perfection in masculine attire. Other "beaux" ornamented English society, but none reigned with such undisputed power as George Bryan Brummell, son and grandson of prosperous British confectioners. When a youth he was credited with having taught the future George IV "what a coat was like."

Brummell inherited \$150,000 when he was sixteen years old, and started in to spend his fortune while a student at Eton. At school he was called "Buck" Brummell. In 1794, shortly after he had come into his inheritance, he attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales. Friendship grew into intimacy, and in looks and popularity the favorite equaled the heir apparent.

When his regiment, in which the prince had got him a commission, was ordered to Manchester, Brummell objected, saying a manufacturing town was no proper background for one of his social gifts. He withdrew from army life, and henceforth made fashion his profession. He took an apartment in Mayfair, London, and lived on his patrimony. He gave his entire attention to the art of dress, and was recognized as its dictator in the realm of high society. Unlike other young bloods, he never wore clothes of pronounced cut or color. He declared he would be mortified ever to draw attention in the street by his apparel. Whatever he advocated in dress at least had the merit of common sense. He abhorred perfumes. "No scents, but plenty of linen, country bleached," was his dictum. He was the first to wear trousers that opened at the bottom of the leg and fastened with buttons, and he invented the starched neckcloth.



BEAU BRUMMELL (1778—1840)

The Beau of Beaux was witty, good-natured, and good-looking. He was not very tall, but the proportions of his figure were admirable. He visited at the great country houses of England, but

was careful not to indulge in sports to the detriment of his appearance.

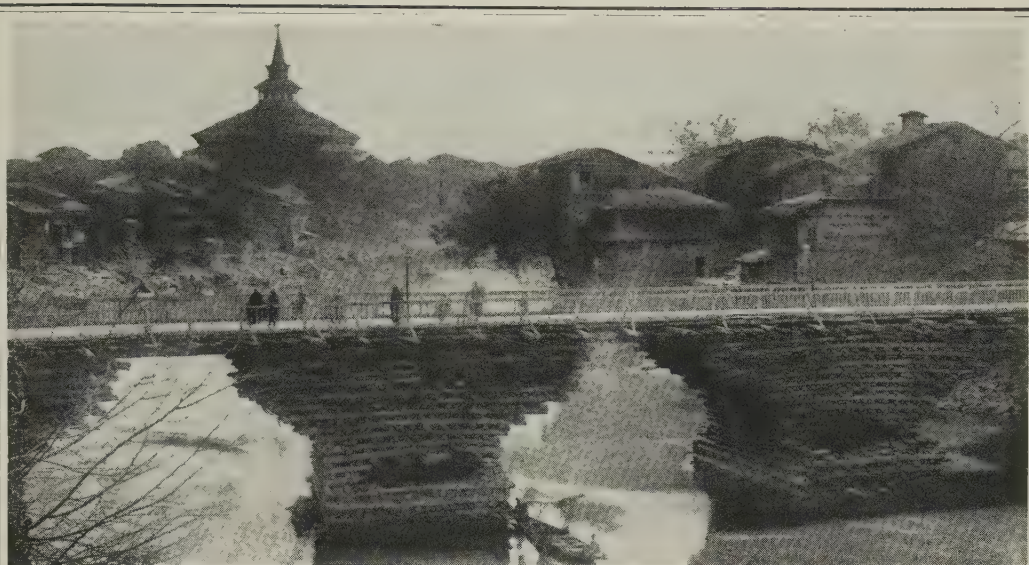
At last came a time when the fascinating fop lost the favor of his fine friends and reached the bottom of his purse through gambling and extravagance. His household goods were sold for debt; he fled to France, and lived at Calais, across the channel. He never went back to his native land. It was a witticism of his that "he passed his time between London and Paris"—Calais being halfway on the route.

Friends influenced his appointment to a small consular post at Caen, France, but he could never resist the temptation of luxurious living, and in 1835 he was imprisoned for debt. One of his chief creditors was his laundress, and another his bootmaker, to whom he owed a bill for shoe polish at five francs a bottle. For months he languished in loathsome quarters. Yet he shaved himself every day, to the wonder of his fellow prisoners, one of whom related, "Each day he takes a complete bath!" When release

came through the good will of the King of England and other noble gentlemen, he left the prison with the same manner he might have employed in bidding a duchess adieu.

His decline, already pitiable, was rapid from this date. In a weakened mental state, he would sometimes play that he was host once more to the grand world of London—light his feeble candles, and, with faultless etiquette, welcome phantom guests to his shabby apartment. A lady who saw him not long before his death remarked the neatness of his worn clothing, the care with which his wig was curled.

First and last a beau, a dandy to the end, George Brummell finally became a helpless cripple from paralysis, and in March, 1840, died poor and forgotten in a hospital at Caen.



Brown Brothers.

WHERE THE JHELUM RIVER
WINDS—VALE OF KASHMIR

Kashmir, "land of streams and solitudes," is a sparsely settled native state in the heart of the Himalayas. Its lofty valleys are celebrated for their scenery, and Srinagar, the chief town, has long had fame for the superb hand-woven shawls made there



THE KASHMIR SHAWL

Richest of woven fabrics

BY GERTRUDE LINNELL

Far to the north of India, in a country that is not properly India at all, lies a long and fertile valley, surrounded, like an enchanted fairy-book land, by high, snow-capped mountains. Legend has it that once, before the dawn of history, this valley was a lake, which a great king, desiring larger fields for his people, drained, and so created one of the dream spots of the earth. Through two thousand years and more, the Vale of Kashmir held to its own ways of living and its own forms of enterprise, jealous of rivalry, careful in production, unsurpassed for painstaking craftsmanship, a quarter of its inhabitants depending on the shawl industry for their livelihood.

Such was Kashmir. To-day it presents a picture of decay and dejection. First, taxes and class legislation kept the country ground down to the last notch of poverty. Then Napoleon and Josephine started the fashion of shawls in Europe, and French agents came to Kashmir to superintend shawl manufacture. Hurried production degenerated quality and design. Then came the English to offer another market, and superimpose more foreign ideas. Then a terri-

ble famine, which drove two thirds of the weavers into the Punjab for food. Six years later the Franco-Prussian War put an end to the French market. Finally, the increasing number of Paisley shawls, made in Scotland by machine and of sheep's wool or silk, and sold for a third the price of the true Kashmir product, first dulled the English market, and then, by too great familiarity, killed it. Small wonder that the Kashmir industry has not recovered from this series of misfortunes.

On the snowy slopes of the Himalayas, in the neighboring provinces of Tibet, is herded a breed of goat that produces a long, fine fleece, called *pashm*, neither wool nor hair, nor silk, but finer and softer than any of those products, each strand eighteen inches long on the best animals, and in color white or yellow or black. The number of these goats is limited, as the breed will flourish only in the peculiar climatic conditions of the steep Himalayan slopes, yet, at one time, Kashmir took three hundred thousand pounds of their fleece a year, for *pashm*, only, is used in the manufacture of true Kashmir shawls. The Maharajah of Kashmir, through two hundred years and more, has jealously guarded its production, doing all in his unlimited royal power to prevent a single pound getting to any other market.

The women take it first, paying their few poor rupees for hanks of the raw stuff, and putting it through an unbelievable minute-



Keystone View

WEAVERS OF KASHMIR SHAWLS

In rude surroundings like this spinners and weavers create exquisite fabrics at a wage that buys barely enough to exist on

ness and exactness of process to produce the spun thread, which they sell to the weavers. They work from early to late, every day in the week, and manage to make enough to buy them *almost* sufficient food, a dress every two years (they wear only a single garment, except in cold weather), and a leaking roof over their heads.

The weavers take it next, working, at wages very little better than the spinners, at primitive looms, following a pattern which is written out for them line by line, like that of a knitted sweater in a woman's magazine.

The almost universal design motive of Persian and Indian art is the so-called "cone" pattern, about whose origin there are several theories. One says that it is the young top of the date palm, of mystic significance. Still another, that the pattern is formed by the river Jhelum in its windings through the Vale of Kashmir.

There are two main varieties of shawls—those that are all woven, and those that are embroidered in imitation of weaving. Contrary to our American idea of "handwork," the woven shawls are much more difficult of execution and far more valuable than the embroidered ones. The woven shawls are made rarely in one piece, usually in straight strips, afterward sewn together very deftly, so that the joint is difficult to find. The embroidered shawls (of Indian, not Kashmir, manufacture) are made for the most part of irregular patches of different colored plain material, the little pieces, sometimes not more than half an inch in diameter, being put together in such a way as to form a rough approximation of the desired pattern, and then embroidered over in a sort of darning stitch to imitate the woven fabric. The square centers are woven



Photographed from the original by courtesy of the owner

A RARE SHAWL FROM THE VALE OF KASHMIR

Typical in weave and embroidery, and of characteristic design

THE MENTOR

in one piece, and usually the corner ornaments are embroidered even in otherwise woven shawls.

It is not easy for the uninitiated to tell the difference between embroidery and weaving, so cleverly is the needlework made to resemble the shuttle product; however, there are very, very few all-woven shawls made, by far the larger number being a combination of the two processes. The borders are always separate, and are sometimes weighted and strengthened with silk.

Shawls that resemble the Kashmir are made also in India proper, and in Persia; but undoubtedly the original source of the industry was Kashmir, for we find that, when Krishna went to the court of the Kurus, Dhatrâshtra proposed to present him with eighteen thousand "shawls of the hilly

country," and we have mention of Kashmir shawls being worn and much admired at the courts of the Cæsars. The collection of Queen Victoria, the finest known, comprised gorgeous examples presented by maharajahs of India.

It is fairly safe to declare that a shawl with animal or human figures was produced in India, and one with very elaborate and fanciful curves and elongated cones in Persia.

Like all forms of Oriental art, the patterns in the old days were far more virile, the individual flowers in the cones were apt to be larger, and the design less involved than they now are, so that when you discover a shawl with a bold, clean-cut design, in strong, rich colors, you may be pretty sure that you have found an antique worthy of the care you would bestow on an "old master."



From the author's collection

Photographed for The Mentor

SQUARE ORANGE SHAWL
OF PASHM WOOL ❖ ❖

Woven on the plains of India, south of Kashmir. The stitch employed in the silk-embroidered border differs from the needlework in Kashmir shawls, which resembles weaving



CORAL

*A semi-precious stone
treasured throughout the ages*

Of all the beautiful things "in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth," none perhaps is more interesting or lovely than coral. As children, how many of us have been fascinated in days gone by when in someone's old-fashioned parlor or "settin'-room" we have seen on a high mantelpiece sprays of branch coral, white as snow and as graceful as a deer's antlers.

Scientific names add no beauty to such wonders of nature. Coral means "stone." Species familiarly known are fan corals, branch, brain, feather, and plume corals. These range in color from pure white, flesh, and rose to deep red and purple or violet, with here and there a yellow or black specimen. Yellow corals are rare, and the black is especially prized by collectors. White, pink, and red are the better known. All are formed by individual colonies of polyps, often incorrectly called coral insects.

Not until 1723 was the polyp discovered by a French doctor to be an animal organization of a lower order instead of some under-sea plant or insect, as was formerly supposed. Coral-producing polyps deposit a horny matter which assumes a variety of beautiful forms. The polyps increase like plants, from seeds, many young polyp buds springing from a parent polyp. The coral colony attaches itself by a disk-shaped foot to rocks and stones. The petrified bodies of coral polyps massed, through generations, one upon another form islands and reefs in warm, clear sea water.

In its growing state coral is soft and of velvet-like texture, but when exposed to the air it hardens and sometimes changes color.

Its growth depends upon the depth of the waters in which it is found. The formation of a single piece may require from ten to thirty years.

The red, or precious, coral, growing in branch form, is for the most part found in the Mediterranean Sea. There it is "fished" almost exclusively by Italians, who also have a monopoly of working it. One famous bank of coral extends from Sicily to a point south of Messina, and is divided into ten parts, one part being fished each year. Red coral is also found in the Persian Gulf and neighboring waters. Coral ornaments used by the Gauls and other ancient people are preserved in European museums.

The coral used for decoration is soft enough to be worked with knife or file or turned on a lathe. Red coral ranks as a semi-precious jewel. There are over sixty shops in Italy, with a force of 6,000 expert coral workers. Strings of coral beads have been turned out in Italy for hundreds of years. The celebrated John Hoppner painted a charming portrait of the Countess of Oxford wearing a valuable necklace of red coral.

As to its intrinsic value, the dowager queen of Italy is said to have owned a sunshade with a handle of solid red coral worth \$1,800. A string of beads shown in Berlin some years ago was valued at several thousand dollars.

There is a Chinese legend of a maid who mourned a poet-lover, driven from her side by cruel brothers. One morning she found a rose growing in her garden, and knew at once it was her reincarnated poet. Day by day the petals fell until there remained but the core. This the maiden plucked, and it lay in her hand—a pale pink bead of coral. The rose blossomed again and again, and each time the forlorn maiden plucked out the heart and hid it near her own. Then she strung the hearts of the rose on a golden chain and called it her "necklace of endless sighs."



PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF
OXFORD BY JOHN HOPPNER

The famous beauty is shown wearing a necklace
of red coral



Elbert Hubbard

The Roycroft Shops

The Cabin in the Woods

Elbert Hubbard Made Men Think

WHEN Hubbard lived at East Aurora not a week passed by but some business or professional man, teacher, artist or philosopher knocked at his door and brought his own problems to the man with whom he could best think them out.

John H. Patterson, of the National Cash Register Company; Edwin Markham, the poet; Luther Burbank, William Marion Reedy came there and submitted to Elbert Hubbard the idea which was struggling for expression. Together they would analyze, clarify and formulate. When the time came to leave the travelers departed strengthened in determination, and fortified in courage; or convinced of the flaws in their thinking, went away with a new point of view. In thinking with Hubbard they had the advantage of the best thought from all the centuries, through one of the greatest minds of our time.

He Can Make You Think

The same source to which these men came for help is open to you to-day. In 1894 the series of Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great was started, and once a month for 14 years one of these messages was given to the world. In them Hubbard not only acquaints you with the lives and achievements of the great men and women of History, but gives you an insight into Hubbard the Man. He makes you see why he believes in some of the established institutions and disbelieves in others. He holds superstitions, dogmas and orthodoxies up to ridicule, and whether or not you believe as he does he **MAKES YOU THINK**. You judge things anew for what they are and not for the popular conception of their value. Men and women awoke to an entirely new sense of values through their contact with this great man. "Little Journeys" are the most thought-provoking books which have been written in our time. In them the same sources are available to you from which Hubbard drew his inspiration, and through them his name has been placed with the Immortals.

The Roycrofters Memorial

There is little wonder, then, that when Hubbard went on his Little Journey to the Great Beyond that The Roycrofters, in searching for a suitable memorial to their founder, selected the Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great. They have put into the Memorial Edition their best workmanship, printing the fourteen volumes on specially-made paper containing the Roycroft trademark; bound in semi-flexible Artercraft binding, each volume handsomely embossed and modeled in colors.

To a Few of Elbert Hubbard's Admirers

A Special Memorial Edition of the Little Journeys will be distributed on easy terms and at a very special price to a few of Hubbard's admirers.

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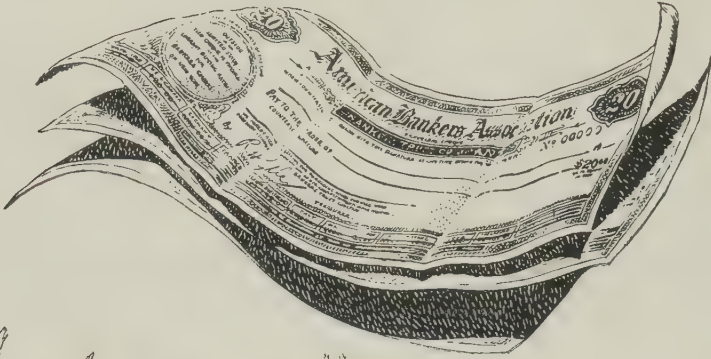
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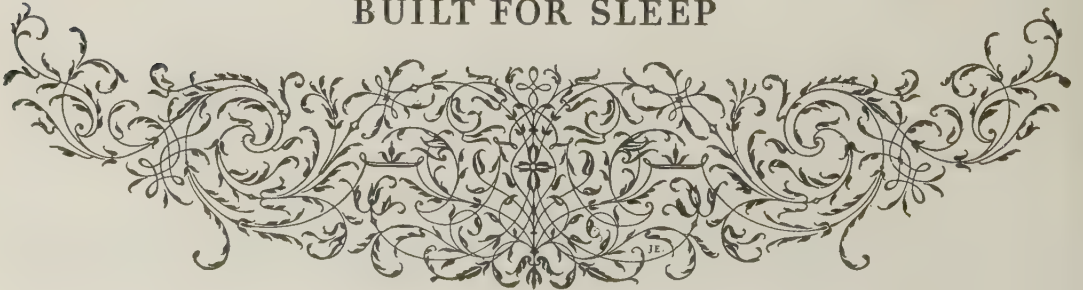
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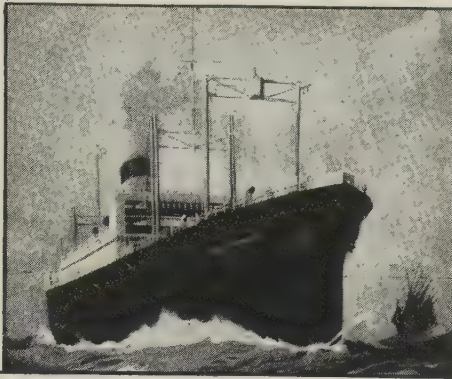
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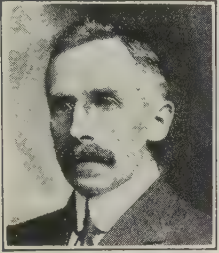
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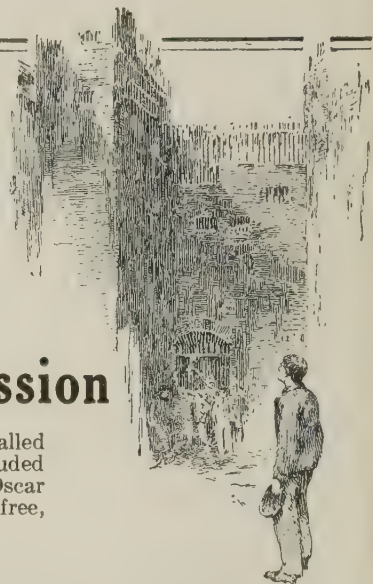
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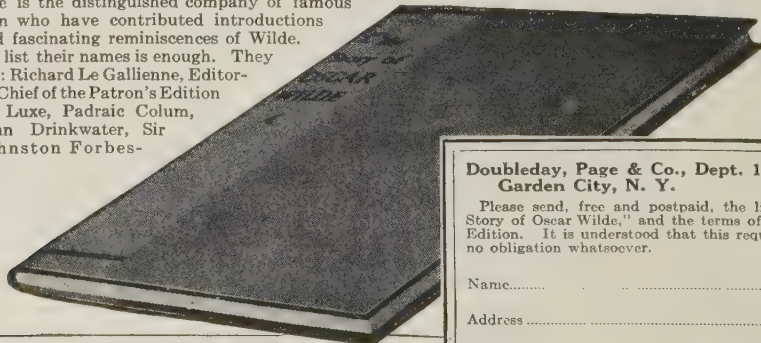
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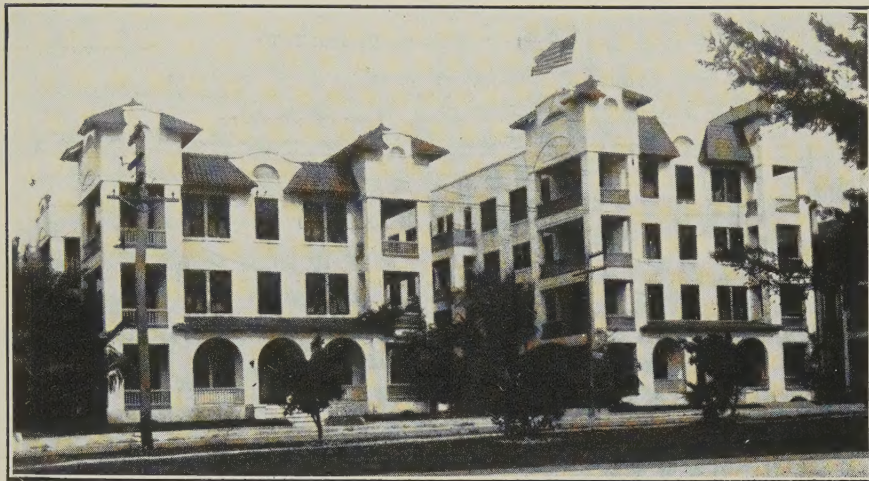
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THE OPEN LETTER



DO YOU believe in fairies—and ghosts—and witches? Do bad omens worry you, and do you fear the evil eye? All these and like superstitions are a vital part of human history. There is nothing more interesting to man than the spectacle of his fellow man struggling with the mental, moral, and spiritual forces within him. That is what makes history fascinating—the living, thinking, acting man in it. Long ago, Terence, the classic playwright of ancient Rome, wrote: "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*," which means in plain English: "I am a man, and I consider nothing that concerns man uninteresting to me."

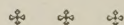
All of us like to read history when history tells us the story of mankind. A good deal of history is not really "*His Story*"—not the story of mankind, but a serious, and often dry, compilation of events and dates—much of it written in a spirit of political or religious prejudice. Some of these old historians must have been very heavy and dull companions; at least, if their manners and conversation were like their writings. There are many ponderous authors of historical literature that I am glad I never knew. The deep delver in history may find their works important; the average reader would regard them simply as cures for insomnia.



When we yield to the charm of Macaulay's word-magic, or follow the clear historical narrative of John Richard Green, or thrill to the booming thunder of Thomas Carlyle, or rouse to the vigorous paragraph of Froude, or give ourselves delightedly to the fascination of Prescott or the alluring style of John Fiske—then we know the high

satisfaction that the literature of history can give us.

But, if we want to read and absorb the actual story of mankind, with all the close interest that holds us in romantic fiction; if we want to be told simply and graphically how our fellow-beings-on-two-legs came to be, and how they grew in number and people the earth; how they lived and loved; how they hoped and struggled; how they conquered and were conquered; how they feared and worshiped; how they built up civilization through the centuries, and how they developed the resources of the soil; how they mastered the world of all living creatures; how they harnessed the elements of land, water, air, and light to serve their purpose—in brief, if we want to read the story of human life, we turn to such works as H. G. Wells' "*Outline of History*" and Hendrik Van Loon's "*Story of Mankind*."



And so, in that spirit of eager interest, The Mentor, a short time ago, turned to Mr. Van Loon for the story of one of the strangest and most amazing episodes in human history. We asked him to tell The Mentor readers about witches and witchcraft. Mr. Van Loon responded readily—it was a subject that interested him in a very special way—and, as a result, he has given us an account of witch superstition and the part it played in history that is unlike anything on the subject that has ever been printed before.

Mr. Van Loon's article on witches and witch-finders will be the chief feature of the June Mentor.

W. D. Moffat

• Editor



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